

Lei'd by Luv_Haze

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Summary:

Steve's parents take him to Hawaii for Spring Break. Billy tells him he'll definitely get lei'd. Steve has no clue what that really means.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

I swear I'm working on updates for my chaptered fics, however, I'm in Hawaii for a wedding right now and this little drabble was inspired from that. :)

Steve's parents book a family trip to Hawaii for Spring Break. For two weeks, he'll even miss a week of school. Steve even gets to go, but like, he doesn't want to go, not really. He *does*, it's Hawaii after all, but not now, not when he's single. He would've asked to take Nancy if they were still together. The Wheeler's would probably be able to afford it, if not, Steve's parents liked her enough they might've covered her flight and hotel.

But anyway, Steve is going to Hawaii, like next week, alone and single and yes there will probably be girls there, but he just doesn't have the energy for it. So it'll be two glorious weeks lathered in sunscreen (hey, he burns) and snorkeling alone while his parents shop and eat expensive dinners. Maybe he can take surfing lessons. At least that'd be cool.

News spreads fast around Hawkins High and *everyone* is jealous of his upcoming trip. Steve wonders if he's taking it for granted, because everyone else seems to be more excited for him than he is for himself.

But it's Billy Hargrove's comment, of all fucking people, that stops Steve in his tracks.

"You're gonna get lei'd in Hawaii, Harrington."

First, Steve and Billy don't really talk, they are *not* friends, but Billy does talk *at* Steve a lot, so it's not that unusual that he chimes in, but still.

Second, Steve *wants* to get laid. Maybe. But like, is Billy psychic or something? How does he know what's going to happen in Hawaii, has he been?

Third, *why* is Billy so fixated on Steve's love life? It's like a thing. Even Tommy and Carol noticed and said something and Steve barely hangs out with them anymore.

"What?" Steve asks.

"Lei'd. In Hawaii. It's gonna happen."

And then Steve says by far the dumbest thing that has ever come out of his mouth. "Not unless you're there."

Steve meant it to be a sharp come back. But yet, wow, it really wasn't a come back at all, it was like a come *on* more than anything else. Jesus. Billy's cheeks *actually* tinted with a hint of pink and he just fucking stared like Steve had two heads.

Truth be told, Steve probably did have to two heads because *what the fuck* was he thinking by saying *that*.

I mean, sure, Billy was hot. Hottest guy in town, with his tan and his blond hair and crazy beautiful eye lashes that only girls should have. And his brain melting, heart pounding smile when he was being nice or in full court charm mode. But like, Steve didn't think about how hot Billy was that often. Maybe like a few times a day. But that's not a lot or anything.

Billy just walks away after that and Steve sighs. Because whatever. It doesn't matter. Billy says stupid stuff all the time too.

Steve ruminates over it the rest of the week, like while he's packing and then again on the nine hour flight from Chicago to Honolulu after their commuter flight from Indianapolis. He just can't stop thinking of Billy's reaction. Usually the guy had a come back, a put down, something, *anything*, but he just blushed, stared and left without a word.

Which, let's be honest, was weird.

It's not until they land and an overly happy man in a pink Hawaiian shirt greets their family with sweet scented flower necklaces, ceremoniously draping them over their necks, that Steve's father winks at him and says, "everyone gets lei'd in Hawaii," that Steve

realizes Billy had meant *lei'd* not laid.

Steve's the one that blushes this time, there, standing in the open-
aired airport in jeans and a dark long sleeve shirt that totally clash
with the tropical sunshine next to his beaming mother who gushes
over the flowers.

He sends Dustin a postcard between surfing lessons. He discovers he
can skip burning and gradually tan if he applies sunscreen properly
and he even sees a cute boy on the beach that is the straw that breaks
the camel's back. He doesn't talk to the guy, he just *can't*. But he
knows now his attraction to Billy is actually attraction, something
he'd been in denial of for a long time. Something he'd repeatedly
excused as fascination over the exotic new guy.

Also, Steve realizes, he has a thing for surfer boys. He wonders if
Billy ever surfed in California. Even if he didn't Steve can easily
imagine him on a surfboard, tearing the hell out of some waves.

Steve has his own room so he jerks off, like a lot. He discovers
sunscreen is *not* a lubricant. He also discovers that he *likes* fingering
himself. He wonders if he'd like it if Billy did it to him. He wonders
how hard Billy would punch him in the face if he found out Steve
spent two whole weeks masturbating about him to every single sleazy
fantasy his hormonally flooded brain could produce.

All in all, Hawaii turned out to be *exactly* what Steve needed.

When he gets home, he's rocking a tan to rival Billy's. His hair just
stays perfectly in place. Maybe it was the saltwater treatment or
something, but the Pacific Ocean could put Farrah Fawcett out of
business if somebody bottled that shit.

He's also more chill and relaxed, slides back into the social scene, but
not too deep, just enough to catch up with some old friends and feel
normal again.

It's at a party that Billy, who has been watching him from afar for an
entire week, finally approaches him.

"Didn't think you could tan," Billy says, red solo cup in his hand.

“Neither did I,” Steve smiles, because he’s accepted the idea that he *likes* Billy. “Also didn’t think I’d get lei’d in Hawaii, but you were right, I did.”

Billy doesn’t look away, he just looks at Steve *harder*.

“Told you,” Billy says, a little gruff even for him. “Who was the lucky girl?”

Steve blinks. Then grins like Billy is being silly. “Man, the flowers, I got lei’d when I landed.”

Steve thinks he sees Billy’s shoulders relax. “I know that. I just didn’t think *you* knew that.”

“I didn’t at first,” Steve admits, but he doesn’t blush. He’s unfazed after the things he’s imagined Billy doing with his mouth.

“No shit.”

“Hey, do you surf?” Steve asks because, well fuck, because he *wants* to know more about Billy. And he likes surfer boys.

“Yeah, sure. Not a lot, but I know how. Did you try it? I’ve heard the surfing is incredible in Hawaii.”

“I took lessons, I did okay with it. I want to do it again and yeah, the waves were pretty cool there, you should’ve seen what some of the surfers could ride.” Steve regrets his choice of words. There’s only one surfer he wants to ride. Because Steve didn’t just realize he’s attracted to both sexes, he realized he wanted the full guy on guy experience, he wanted it *all*. Both ways.

“You should come to Cali with me next time I go, I know all the best surfing spots,” Billy says.

And just like that, Steve and Billy became friends.

It’s much later when they’re in Steve’s pool that summer, roughhousing around with matching tans, that they became so much more.

Notes for the Chapter:

Anyone interested in Billy's POV of this? Might do a little chapter 2 from his perspective.

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

Aloha! Thanks for all the love on the last chapter! Since so many of you wanted Billy's POV, here you go. Enjoy.

So Steve Harrington gets to go to Hawaii. Well la-di-da, who the fuck cares? Billy has rolled his eyes no less than seven times since he heard about Steve's lucky Spring Break plans because he *keeps* hearing about it from *every* fucking loser in school.

Christ, people in Hawkins had no life if Steve going to Hawaii was *big* and *exciting* news. Billy met plenty of guys who had been to Hawaii many times, surfers mostly. They went where the best waves were, he envied them, their lifestyle, chasing a ride that only nature could predict.

Billy had surfed a bit back home, never had enough free time to get really good at it though or get his own board. He always had to borrow one.

He'd never been to Hawaii, but heard amazing things about it. Like how everyone got lei'd there. It was a silly joke, but still, he couldn't shake it from his mind once he remembered it so he said it out loud to Steve, hoping it'd finally stop nagging at him and go the fuck away.

"You're gonna get lei'd in Hawaii, Harrington."

Pretty boy, with his infuriatingly coifed hair and confused look at the joke. Billy *hated* how fucking attracted he was to Steve. It was the worst thing in the world to like a straight guy. And Christ, he really liked him. Like, enough to take it out on his face that one time, which he regretted, but Steve was under his skin in a bad way and all that tension needed an outlet.

Usually, Billy just jacked the tension out but sometimes it wasn't enough, sometimes he wanted more, sometimes he wanted all of

Steve's fucking attention and he'd do just about anything to get it. Including approaching him with a silly joke apparently.

"What?" Steve asks.

"Lei'd. In Hawaii. It's gonna happen," Billy says, because Christ, what the fuck, is Harrington even listening?

"Not unless you're there," Steve says with this dumb smirk and Billy just freezes.

His entire world slows down as his mind picks over every word, making sure he *heard* Steve correctly, because if he did then, wow, um, what kind of a response was *that*?

He realizes that Steve doesn't know he meant *lei'd*, which, fine, but that means Steve thinks he meant *laid* which is even more confusing because what he's really saying is he'd get laid if Billy were in Hawaii too.

Billy cannot even formulate a response, because all he's thinking about is laying Steve in Hawaii now. Not on the beach, too sandy, but like somewhere where they could be under the stars in the perfect heat, fingers entwined, bodies slick with tanning oil and lube. And Steve is just *waiting* for him to say something back, but he doubts *I'd totally lay you in Hawaii* is the comeback Steve is expecting and Billy cannot find *any* other words right then so he just does what he does best. Stares.

But it's not enough, because Steve just stares back, his face full of emotion, like he regrets what he said, which, a straight boy *should* regret saying those words to another boy if he didn't want to do something about it.

Billy knows he doesn't have a shot with Steve so he clenches his back teeth to keep from saying something equally stupid and summons all his strength and dignity and just walks away.

Spring Break is spent working out, smoking, drinking, bumming around town and pining over Steve Harrington. Billy finds it easier to pine when he knows he won't run into Steve, because he *always*

runs into him, but not when he's in Hawaii. Pining consists of dumb stuff like imagining Steve riding shotgun in his Camaro, window down and his hair ruffling cutely in the wind as they just drive, picnics in a field, because yeah, Billy wants a fucking picnic with the guy he likes, with a basket and everything, like a fucking chick, but it also consists of some hot and heavy fantasizing.

He's been fantasizing about Steve since he first laid eyes on him, but now, after Harrington's crazy ass *not unless you're there* taunt stuck in his head, the fantasies are rocketed up a notch. His favorite is Steve on top of him, buried inside him, huffing cutely against his shoulder while Billy comes from penetration and the slide of his dick against Steve's abdomen.

He hates that Steve is probably making out with cute girls in tiny bikinis in Hawaii left and right. He makes himself feel better by thinking Steve will come home as red as a lobster, fucker doesn't look like he can tan and he'd rather think of a bright red Steve getting no action than a tan Steve dropping panties everywhere he goes.

So Billy's tiny hope that Steve didn't get any action in Hawaii shattered the second he saw him roll into school, tan as could be, looking like a fucking demi-god.

If girls didn't throw themselves at him when he looked like that then all the girls in Hawaii must've been blinded by the sun.

Billy *hates* Steve's tan so much that he can't stomach the thought of actually talking to him until he has a few beers in him, but Billy *loves* Steve's tan so much he just has to get near it, so he does. They don't call it liquid courage for nothing.

"Didn't think you could tan," Billy says, buzzed and eyeing the length of Steve's gloriously tan neck.

"Neither did I," Steve smiles, which makes Billy feel warm because Steve has *never* smiled at him the way he is right now. "Also didn't think I'd get lei'd in Hawaii, but you were right, I did."

Billy's heart stops. His jaw clenches. Because tan Harrington was undoubtedly a chick magnet. Probably got his dick wet more than

once.

“Told you,” Billy says, and then he can’t help but pour salt in the wound, *remind* himself that Steve is straight and will never want to take that drive or go on a picnic with him. “Who was the lucky girl?”

Steve’s smile just widens. He looks stunning and happy. It’s unfair really. “Man, the flowers, I got lei’d when I landed.”

“I know that. I just didn’t think *you* knew that,” Billy says, because holy fuck, what a relief. He won’t have to go scream into the quarry tonight after all. Unless, Steve did get laid in Hawaii and just doesn’t talk about his exploits, but something about the way he’s *looking* at Billy and *grinning* says he didn’t. It also says something else that Billy *cannot* read into, oh but he wants to read into it, but it can’t be what he thinks it is so he stuffs it down.

“I didn’t at first,” Steve says.

“No shit.” Billy holds back from rolling his eyes, his face wants to smile in relief but his eyes want to tease and taunt. So he does neither.

“Hey, do you surf?” Steve asks.

“Yeah, sure. Not a lot, but I know how. Did you try it? I’ve heard the surfing is incredible in Hawaii.”

“I took lessons, I did okay with it. I want to do it again and yeah, the waves were pretty cool there, you should’ve seen what some of the surfers could ride,” Steve says and Billy is thinking *dirty, dirty* thoughts about Steve riding him.

“You should come to Cali with me next time I go, I know all the best surfing spots,” Billy says, though he has no fucking idea when he’ll ever get to go back. Maybe they can take that drive after all, as friends at least.

He’ll take a friendship with Harrington, anything to be close to him, to bask in the sun that shines from his aura like a beacon of hope and radiant beauty.

Billy does a good job at just being Steve's friend, hiding his true feelings because Steve doesn't deserve the drama of being liked by a guy when he's straight. So when they are jumping all over each other in Steve's pool, wrestling like they've gotten into the habit of doing often, in and out of the water, and Steve kisses *him*, Billy actually cries from the joy and covers it up by telling Steve the chlorine is bothering his eyes.

Steve gets him a towel to wipe his eyes then kisses both his temples to make it better. Billy stares up at him in awe and thinks maybe he'll get that picnic after all.

Notes for the Chapter:

This fic is complete. ♡